

## How Lila Met Harry

By JESSIE DOUGLAS.

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"I know you'll like Harry," Mrs. Craig said, leaning back on the chaise longue and passing her hand wearily across her forehead. "He's thirty-five, has enough money, good habits and a really remarkable taste in old china."

Lila Gilbert answered, "Yes," doubtfully.

She had heard nothing except Harry and Harry's eligibility during her week-end at Mrs. Craig's. She had come to hate his very name.

"I suppose he doesn't even smoke?" she asked a bit scornfully.

"Look here, my dear!" Mrs. Craig sat up straight for a moment and spoke forcefully and to the point, "I like you and I want you to be happy! I know what kind of life you lead in that one wretched room, going out for your meals every day of your life. I know you launder your waists and paste your hankiechiefs to the mirror and color your last year's straw instead of buying a new one."

"I know because I did it once myself. You've never said anything, but I can imagine just what kind of man old Mr. Hemingway is to work for—and here you have a perfectly good chance to say good-bye to all that, and you're going to let it slip!"

Lila reddened perceptibly and opened her mouth to speak, but Mrs. Craig went on quickly.

"You may be younger, but you look twenty-seven, and yet you have all the illusions of youth!"

A faint smile curved Lila's lips. "I'm twenty-nine and not an illusion left!"

"There—I've been a beast and I'm sorry," Mrs. Craig went on, sitting up and patting Lila's arm. "That's the danger of red hair—you will say things you think in spite of years of social training. I want to tell you something else, too. I think you're sweet. You are too sweet to go on working your life out and pretending that you're happy."

She stopped, for Lila's eyes looked perilously bright and her lower lip was caught between her teeth.

"The very first time I came into Hemingway's office and saw you and you were so dear, to me, I thought you were rare. I'm going to tell you a little secret. When I married Robert I promised myself the satisfaction of doing eccentric things if I chose, and one of these was to make friends where and how I wished."

She leaned her head back against her cushions and lifted a ringed white hand to her temple. "And now as I told you, I'm going to ask to be excused. Lost sleep must be made up, and I've had two late nights."

Lila went across to her own charming room that overlooked the gardens. Nothing was quite real to her yet; it was as though she had unexpectedly stepped on to the stage and this was one of those luxurious scenes in the first act.

She leaned her hot cheeks against the window pane and looked down across the sweep of lawns to the Italian pergola and the terraced garden beyond.

She ought to begin to dress now for dinner.

"I know he'll hate me," Lila thought, looking pensively in the mirror at herself. "I'm not pretty—only at times."

She studied her face with the dark sweet eyes and level line of brow, the white forehead, the dusky hair. She could see nothing to allure in it, for she saw it in repose, without the sparkle of animation, the sweetness of the smile, nor did she hear the sweet, deep tones of her own voice as others heard them.

"Excuse me, mademoiselle," a lavender-clad maid said, "but madame has retired and asks that you will take her place at dinner."

Lila, alone, felt a moment of panic. "To be responsible for Harry's entertainment!" she shivered at the thought. She was shy anyway, and the idea of sitting with him at that round table, while the butler moved noiselessly behind them, was terribly painful.

"And I know Mrs. Craig has talked to him as much about me as she has talked to me about him!" she groaned.

"Ah, Miss Gilbert. Anne told me I was to have this pleasure!"

Lila bowed, seeing in one glance that "Harry" was a fat dumpling of a man with a shining bald head and small blue eyes behind thick glasses. He spoke in a hurried tone and chuckled occasionally at remarks that meant nothing to Lila. But she found herself seated opposite him under the light of shaded candles with great yellow roses separating them, while a silent stepping butler served them perfectly.

This was Harry! She didn't like anything about him. His ridiculous way of talking, his way of tasting his food before he ate it, his chuckle, his peculiar way of staring at her through those glasses that made his eyes so bulging.

Harry didn't seem to find her interesting.

When after dinner she stole out on the terrace a moment to find herself free for the time being, she gave a sigh of relief; the sky was embroidered with silver stars, the ghostly light of the moon gave a fairy-like aspect to the world.

She walked on and on—farther away from Harry—until stopping in

a gravelled path she heard a car drive up.

It swept past down the bend of the road to the garage. A moment later, it seemed, the chauffeur in a cap pulled down over his eyes walked slowly back.

He pulled off his cap and said politely, "Good-evening," and then turned as Lila gave a little cry of discomfort as her dress caught in the thorns of a climbing rose.

"There," he said, "now you are free."

His voice was pleasant, deep and rich, and Lila, aware that he was the chauffeur, yet found him more attractive than the rich man back in the house. She walked slowly along beside him.

"I think you're new here?" he asked. She knew in a moment that he fancied her one of the maids.

"Yes," she hesitated.

"They don't know what living is back there, do they?" he suddenly asked vehemently. "Eating rich foods, sitting in rooms when one can be free and have the whole world for a hunting ground!"

"Can one?" she asked wistfully.

"Yes, if they don't catch you and marry you to some wretched little husband hunter," he growled.

Lila laughed. The man turned swiftly and looked at her face illumined by the moonlight, at the line of her throat and her dark sweet eyes.

"Are they trying to do that to you, too?" she whispered. "I thought they only did that to girls."

The moon rising high flooded the lawns with silver and showed each other their faces. The man could not seem to tear his eyes away. Lila looking at him swiftly thought that he looked strong and fine and clean—not like Harry in there who was so eligible. And then before she turned her face away he said, "Why are you so unhappy?"

He caught himself up with, "I'm sorry. Forgive me, but there was something in your eyes that told me you were lonely, too."

They wandered down to the terraced garden, and Lila in the witchery of the silvery night knew that she would be sorry later, but she stole this one hour to feel. Perhaps he was only a chauffeur, but his voice was beautiful and he talked well and told of places where he had been until the world spread out like some warm-colored picture before her eyes.

"Now tell me about yourself," he begged.

But Lila, shaking off the spell, knew that her hour of enchantment was over.

"At least you'll tell me your name. I've always thought that barriers were ridiculous when one finds a real person. Nothing else matters," he said.

"Lila," she said gently.

They walked in silence to the house, but Anne Craig rose up from the darkness of the veranda and cried, "Oh, here you are, Harry—and Miss Gilbert. Robert told me that you were not there for dinner!"

In mock dismay they faced each other for a moment, then Lila felt his hand crushing hers and heard his voice that said very low, "Forgive me for being Harry. Let me be your friend!"

## TRAVELING IN THE OLD DAYS

Luxurious Accommodations Provided for Those Who Journeyed by Boat on the Hudson.

The frequency with which boilers blew up on the early Hudson river boats led to the use of what were known as "safety barges," and these, in their day, were considered the utmost luxury in travel, comparable to the private cars of the magnates of to-day, remarks the Buffalo Courier. The barges were boats with main and upper decks and were almost as large as the steamers which towed them. The rabble rode on the steamers, inhaled the smells of the kitchen and the freight holds, endured the noise of the engines and took the chances of explosions, while on the barges behind the elite traveled in luxurious state. Food was brought from the boat kitchen to the barge saloon over a swaying bridge between the vessels and was served with great aplomb under the direction of a barge captain, who was a noble figure in the setting. The upper decks of the barges were canopied and decked with flowers, with promenades and easy chairs from which to view the scenery. At night the interiors were transformed into sleeping accommodations, much the same as in a modern Pullman, except that they were more commodious. Not the least attractive feature of these barges, according to a chronicler of their excellence, was "an elegant bar, most sumptuously supplied with all that can be desired by the most fastidious and thirsty."

### If You Must Cry—

Although crying has almost gone out for women—it is as rare as fainting in some up-to-date groups of girls—still there are women who are old-fashioned enough to indulge in a good cry now and then. And if this has happened and an emergency arises where one has to fare forth immediately, exposing one's red-eyed condition to a curious world, it may be well to bear in mind that a vigorous application of hot water to the entire face will, speedily do away with the redness. Apply cloths saturated with hot water to the lids, removing and saturating again as soon as the water cools. A few minutes of this treatment will call the blood to the entire face, and when the glow subsides the eyelids will be as light as the rest of the face. —Chicago Journal

## EVEN FOR LITTLE WOMEN FASHION APPROVES BLACK



NOW that mothers are busy getting their young daughters outfitted for fall, along comes some new things in dress-up clothes that are sure to please their youthful wearers. There is much joy in a new frock, but it is at least doubled when this frock follows the lead of grown-ups, and appropriates a fad of theirs for its own. This is what has happened—even the tiniest little girl is quite likely to find herself clad in a black dress or coat when she is particularly dressed up this fall, for fashion has decreed that black shall be shared with the children.

A good many dresses for girls from seven to fourteen—or thereabout—are made with bodies of black taffeta and skirts in plaids that embody black with colors. Decorations on the waists of feather stitching, French knots or other stitchery are done in the color predominating in the skirt, and the waists and skirts are joined under several clever belt and sash or girle arrangements.

The frock shown in the picture dis-

penses with a waistline, being made in the slip-over style, of black taffeta. It has the flaring skirt lines approved in children's frocks, and is worn over a blouse of black and white checked taffeta. Frills of the check finish the neck of the slip and the sleeves of the blouse. Black and white silk cords suspended from small ornaments and finished with tassels are tied in hanging loops and ends at each side.

Black, or dark blue, with ornamentation in bright red, appeals to designers of school dresses; the red introduced in simple needlework, narrow braids or narrow grosgrain ribbon, and not much of any of these used. A lighter blue on navy or other dark blues is a favored color combination. In these frocks lines remain straight or flaring, like those in the dress pictured, whether they are cut with bodice and skirt or in one piece. On dressy frocks narrow bands of kimmer fur, headed by embroidery, make a handsome decoration.

## ROTH STYLE AND COMFORT IN AUTUMN SCHOOL FROCKS



FOR young women in school, frocks must be comfortable and practical; but these two requisites must put themselves in the company of smart style, or the younger set won't be able to see them at all. It amounts to almost a tragedy in the life of a flapper when she finds herself compelled to wear clothes that are merely sensible, although some of the best schools condemn her to a uniform. Either she discovers that the uniform has a style of its own, or the school undertakes to keep her so busy that she forgets it, and thus the bitterness departs from her days.

But specialists, whose business is the clothing of youth, have succeeded in introducing all sorts of captivating touches on frocks for both the younger and older school girls. Two models, that are sure to please the college girl, combine style with comfort in simple dresses that will meet the approval of even the most critical of elders. One of them as shown above is a wool frock in shepherd's plaid, on which yarn has been cleverly employed for bandings about the skirt and on the belt. It is put on in the simplest stitches and the loose belt fastens under a smart big buckle. Yarn in other varieties of stitchery and in fringes is destined to play an important part in clothes for young people. Worn

with a modish felt hat and with a scarf—especially one of fur—this frock might provoke the envy of many an older sister.

An indoor dress, shown at the left, is less definitely youthful, especially as it is developed in crepe de chine. But it is innocent of ornament except for a group of tucks about the bottom of the skirt. They are interrupted at each side by a straight panel. A band of plain, solid embroidery about the neck and part way down the front is supplemented by a few crochet buttons at each side of the front. The soft girle is made of the same material as the dress. This is a very adaptable dress and a versatile and resourceful girl will make much of it, for it can be much furnished up with pretty accessories.

Julia Bottomley

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### When Filling Cake Pans.

When filling cake pans let the mixture come well to the sides of the pan, leaving a slight depression in the center. The cake will then be level when baked.

## THE TRIALS OF A HOUSEWIFE

How They Have Been Endured and How Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

### Experience of a Providence Woman



Providence, R. I.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a female trouble and backache. It began just after my baby was born, and I did the best I could about getting my work done, but I had awful bearing-down pains so I could not stand on my feet. I read in the papers about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and the good it was doing other women, and I have got dandy results from it and will always recommend it. You can use these facts as a testimonial if you wish."—Mrs. HERBERT L. CASSEN, 13 Meni Court, Providence, R. I.

Ohio woman for three years could hardly keep about and do her housework she was so ill. Made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Fayette, O.—"For about three years I was very nervous and had backache, sideache, dragging-down pains, could not sleep at night, and had no appetite. At times I could hardly do my housework. I got medicine from the doctor but it did not help me. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in a newspaper and took it with good results, and am now able to do my housework. I recommend your medicine to my friends and you may publish my testimonial."—Mrs. CHESTER A. BALL, R. 15, Fayette, Ohio.

An Illinois woman relates her experience: Bloomington, Ill.—"I was never very strong and female trouble kept me so weak I had no interest in my housework. I had such a backache I could not cook a meal or sweep a room without raging with pain. Rubbing my back with alcohol sometimes eased the pain for a few hours, but did not stop it. I heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and six bottles of it have made me as strong and healthy as any woman; and I give my thanks to it for my health."—Mrs. J. A. McQuerry, 610 W. Walnut St., Bloomington, Ill.

The conditions described by Mrs. Cassen, Mrs. Ball, and Mrs. McQuerry will appeal to many women who struggle on with their lives in just such conditions—in fact, it is said that the tragedy in the lives of some women is almost beyond belief. Day in and day out they slave in their homes for their families—and beside the daily routine of housework, often make clothes for themselves and for their children, or work in their gardens, all the while suffering from those awful bearing-down pains, backache, headaches, nervousness, the blues, and troubles which sap the very foundation of life until there comes a time when nature gives out and an operation seems inevitable. If such women would only profit by the experience of these three women, and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the natural restorative for such conditions it may save them years of suffering and unhappiness.

There is hardly a neighborhood in any town or hamlet in the United States wherein some woman does not reside who has been restored to health by this famous medicine. Therefore ask your neighbor, and you will find in a great many cases that at some time or other she, too, has been benefited by taking it, and will recommend it to you. For more than forty years this old-fashioned root and herb medicine has been restoring suffering women to health and strength.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent to you free upon request. Write to The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

Just ink. "The squid spurts out a cloud of ink." Many novels are written on the same plan."

## ASPIRIN

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### Faith.

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"What makes you think so?"

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